THE
# NATION

June 25, 1960 . . 25c

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*THE AEC TAKES A BEATING*

## CAPE COD'S ATOMIC PARK

*Grace DesChamps*

*WHY AIR LINES 'OVERSELL'*

## BUMPING THE PASSENGER

*Karl M. Ruppenthal*

## THE VIEWS OF C. P. SNOW

*Earl Miner*

*THE CASE OF KOREA*

## OUR FALLING RAMPARTS

*Alfred Crofts*

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# LETTERS

## Socialist Platform

*Dear Sirs*: Milton Viorst, in his article (June 11) "Not Running," asserts that the 1960 Socialist platform would "certainly gain the assent of Senators Humphrey and Morse, and perhaps even of Senator Kennedy." If true, we'd be the last to object. But writer Viorst might find that they would balk at a few planks, as for example:

> ¶Social ownership and democratic control of the commanding heights of industry, not as an end in itself, but as a step in the creation of a truly human society. . . .
>
> ¶If no agreements should be reached at Geneva, the Socialist Party will call for the immediate unilateral cessation of nuclear weapons production and testing by this government. . . .
>
> ¶Beginning at once negotiation looking to recognition of the effective government of China. . . .
>
> ¶(Immediate) socialization of the oil industry . . . and the basic means of transportation. . . .

*Nation* readers may obtain a complete copy of the platform free by writing to Socialist Party — Social Democratic Federation, 303 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

IRWIN SUALL, *National Secretary*
Socialist Party — Social Democratic Federation

## Military Waste?

*Dear Sirs*: I would like to comment on the "quagmires of military waste" discussed in your editorial of May 14, entitled "Week-End Warriors."

*1.* I assume that the piece of Waikiki Beach referred to is Fort Derussy which does, in fact, front on Waikiki Beach, along with the Moana Hotel, the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Henry Kaiser's Hawaiian Village and others. . . . Am I to assume that U.S. servicemen can compete with tourists for accommodations at these plush hotels? Our servicemen are as much entitled to recreation and relaxation as any civilian tourist, and Fort Derussy goes a long way toward meeting these needs at prices our servicemen can afford to pay. . . .

*2.* I wonder if you are under the impression that military hospitals exist for the sole purpose of providing for peacetime military needs. Have you ever heard of *war casualties*? It is simply a matter of forehandedness that prompts the maintenance of "excess" hospital space.

*3.* I cannot speak for the Air Force Reserve Bases or the Air National Guard Bases; however, the Navy has closed several Naval Air Stations in the past few years for economy purposes. Many remaining stations provide classroom facilities for Navy Technical training courses, and provide much needed fuel and service stops for cross-country flights.

*4.* As to your complaint about flight pay for aviators, I must also emphatically disagree. True, it is just as honorable to die on the ground as in the air during actual military conflict; but in peacetime, aviation training is a great deal more hazardous than other military training with the exception of the Army paratroops. I have been a Naval aviator for four years, and at least five personal acquaintances have been killed in the line of duty during that period. I doubt whether any soldier or blackshoe Navy man can make a similar statement. This, I feel, is the *raison d'etre* of incentive pay.

ROBERT H. KOBLER
Lt., United States Navy
*Pensacola, Fla.*

## Workable Answers

*Dear Sirs*: The "liberal" press has exhibited a great tendency to attack the South as a region and, instead of searching for the serious answers to the crucial questions of the day, to make the racial problem appear to be one of clear-cut rights and wrongs.

There are those in the South who are searching for answers which will work, for answers which are related to the actual problems of the South, not for answers that are political or expedient.

What the NAACP and related organizations have done is to make great legal strides in the advancement of Negro equality, but not to accompany these legal strides with a policy of public education or political accommodation. Not only the laws of states, but the minds and hearts of people must be changed. . . .

ALLAN CHARLES BROWNFELD
College Secretary
Young Republican Federation of Virginia
*Williamsburg, Va.*

## A Year of Protest

*Dear Sirs*: Every day since July 1, 1959, a vigil has been maintained at the gates of Fort Detrick, germ warfare research center at Frederick, Md. Participants stand in silence, from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M. (in shifts), in protest against preparations for germ warfare and the armaments race. That this remarkable experiment in persuasion should have continued so long is a testimony to the relevance of the issue and the aptness of the method.

Plans call for the vigil to end on Monday, July 4, marking a full year. More

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*NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1960*
*VOLUME 190, No. 26*

THE NATION

# EDITORIALS

## What's the Rush?

After every level-headed political adviser had urged the President not to go to Japan under present conditions, and after Jim Hagerty had reiterated that, as a soldier, the President would go despite hell and high water, and after Premier Kishi had vowed that he never, never would withdraw the invitation, the invitation was withdrawn. Amid the general relief, let it not be forgotten that the students and trade unionists were not rioting for fun, nor against General Eisenhower, nor even, except incidentally, against Kishi; they were rioting against the U.S.-Japan "security" treaty. The cancellation of the President's visit does not dispose of the root of the trouble, which is that a formidable section of the Japanese people — perhaps a majority — and millions of other Asians as well prefer neutralism, and the treaty now up for ratification keeps Japan chained to the American military machine for another eleven years.

This would be so even without the memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, without the U-2s based on Japan, and without the remonstrances and threats of the Soviet Union. If a nation has a choice, why, in the name of sanity, should it not choose to be neutral? The Japanese mobs are asking for a choice and it would be well to consider their viewpoint instead of denouncing them, à la Hagerty, as Communists.

This viewpoint has been succinctly expressed by Naruhiko Nishi, Japanese diplomat, who told the *Wall Street Journal* (June 15) that the security treaty opens Japan to a retaliatory war. The treaty's "prior consultation" provision means that Japan may have to acquiesce in the deployment of American troops and equipment from Japan to trouble spots elsewhere in Asia, instead of remaining neutral. That the opposition to the treaty springs from such considerations is attested in the June 20 *Life* by John D. Rockefeller IV, who has spent the past three years in Japan learning the life and language of the country. "The Japanese do not fear communism the way we do," writes Mr. Rockefeller. "They have never seen its workings; they have never felt threatened by it. . . . The students are convinced that Kishi is trying to remilitarize Japan. . . . They believe that he wants President Eisenhower to visit Japan simply to give Kishi support in his attempt to pass the mutual security pact."

Under these circumstances, with the opposition growing by leaps and bounds and Kishi probably on his way out, it is the height of imprudence for the Senate to rush a moribund treaty to ratification. When the Foreign Relations Committee says it is not the treaty, "but Japan's free institutions that the Communist allies are trying to stifle," it seems to be trying to out-Hagerty Hagerty. They would be better advised to listen to Mr. Rockefeller. If ever there was a time for delay and deliberation and second thoughts, this is it.

## The Bipartisan Chorus

The season of political styling is far advanced; each day, now, the candidates parade, as manikins parade, exhibiting the 1960 styles in rhetoric, oratory and, above all, "line." Technique and personality are important, but "line" (read: "stance," "position") is the major point in this year's fashions. Given the Summit debacle and the riots in Turkey, South Korea and Japan, all

**To *Nation* Readers**

**After July 9, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 23, August 6 and August 20. The weekly schedule will be resumed with the issue of September 3.**

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the candidates, without distinction of party, have stressed the Strong America "line." This would be sound political merchandizing in any election: voters always favor a Strong America — there are no Quislings in our midst. But since mid-May, the line has been emphasized with a compulsiveness that is a tribute to Khrushchev's power to intervene in our domestic politics. Each candidate feels that, if only as a matter of tactics, of political insurance, he must be just as emphatic about a Strong America as every other candidate. At the moment, the four avowed aspirants, Messrs. Johnson, Symington, Kennedy and Nixon, are harmonizing on this theme in barber-shop quartet style. Unfortunately, the effect is to obscure whatever differences they may have about issues basic to any consideration of what it is that constitutes "strength" in the revolutionary world of the 1960s.

Illustrations abound. Recently, for example, Senator Kennedy devoted the first three of a twelve-point foreign-policy program to stressing the need for increased arms expenditures. In the course of what was in many respects an admirable speech, the Senator indicated that successful negotiations on disarmament, or on any political issue of the cold war, can be based only on a "position of strength." The other candidates would agree. Yet it is precisely this assumption that should be examined. The experience of the cold-war years points to the conclusion that the "position of strength" doctrine, first formulated by Dean Acheson, is essentially self-defeating. As a matter of tough cold-war politics, "position of strength" means "position of greater strength" — relative, that is, to the Soviets. Once achieved, this position may make the "enemy" more cautious; in practice it has not made him more conciliatory. On the contrary, he has stalled on negotiations while redoubling his efforts to gain a position of greater strength relative to us. Nor have we taken advantage of those periods in the cold war in which we enjoyed a clear military superiority to negotiate settlements. Rather the argument has prevailed that by holding out a little longer, by increasing our military superiority by a wider margin, we could strike a harder bargain. If past experience is a guide, we will not negotiate successfully with the Russians about any issue of substance as long as we insist on negotiating from a position of clear, measurable, sustained military superiority.

## 'Cold Peace'

In the weeks since the Summit debacle, the talk has been not so much of a resumption of the cold war as of an extended period — West German Defense Minister Strauss suggests it might be for fifty years — of "cold peace." In other words, the dominant feeling is not that there will be war, or even a resumption of cold war in the pre-1953 pattern; but rather that lacking any settlements, the arms race will continue. But "cold peace" for five years or fifty is incompatible with an accelerated arms race. As Philip Noel-Baker told an audience in Toronto last week, "We must achieve disarmament or perish. If we don't, civilization will not survive the twentieth century." And public pronouncements to the contrary, there is much evidence to sustain the belief that the Administration has been deliberately dragging its feet on disarmament since 1955. (See, for example, Barbara Castle's article, "The Truth About Disarmament," *New Statesman,* June 11.) The charge may or may not be true, but the point is that, in any case, we have placed ourselves in the public position of appearing to be most unenthusiastic about disarmament. Recently Godfrey Sperling, Jr., reported in the *Christian Science Monitor* (June 10): "What greatly alarms Mr. Stevenson today is uncertainty whether the United States Government is really ready to accept missile and nuclear disarmament, even with a workable inspection system — words to the contrary. From his extensive travels, he has observed that there is a wide area of doubt among peoples as to the depth of America's sincerity in seeking disarmament at this time." And this area of doubt will widen and deepen just so long as the rest of the world continues to hear an incessant, unanimous political clamor in this country for bigger, costlier, more lethal arms programs to assure our "position of strength."

## Double Agents in Procurement

When we hear the term, we usually think of spies. But there is another possible application. Representative Martha W. Griffiths (D., Mich.) brought up the possibility in the House on June 9 when she started a discussion on the use of consultants in procurement. *The Nation* editorialized about consultants (June 4, p. 483), but the situation seems to be worse than we envisioned. Mrs. Griffiths, having been a contract negotiator for Ordnance during World War II, has special competence in these matters. What attracted her attention was that consultants might consult for the government one month and for private industry the next. This becomes doubly significant because (1) the supply of scientists and engineers with special knowledge in certain fields is limited; (2) the bulk of procurement money is spent through negotiated contracts; (3) the specifications written into these contracts determine what the government will get; (4) when the government invites bids, the specifications often determine which firm will be awarded the contract. As Mrs. Griffiths put it, "We are turning over the spending of $40 billion to a very small and select group of people [who] while they may be excellent in science . . . are subject



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to the same type of prejudices that other people are subject to." The prejudices may include those engendered by "astronomical fees" from corporations, or by stock ownership and the like. Mrs. Griffiths asked an official of the Department of Defense whether it would not help if the department required every bidder to supply the names and salaries paid to consultants over a period of a year or two preceding the bid, and required every one of its own consultants to list his employers for a like period. She also quoted from *Science*, the publication of the Association for the Advancement of Science: "There is a considerable and growing concern over the position of scientists with regard to the conflict-of-interest laws." Mrs. Griffiths seems to have got hold of something which the Congress should not allow to sink into oblivion.

## Truth or Consequences

Alarmed by a growing tendency in the American public to assume that advertising copy is written by graduates of the quiz programs — and by a growing restiveness in the Washington regulatory agencies — the Advertising Federation of America has completed and will soon publish *The Advertising Truth Book*. The magazine *Advertising Age* has had an advance peek at the material and reports that it is "packed with definitions, precedents, criteria, guideposts, rules, standards, test questions, taboos, explications," all designed to assist the bewildered agency people in spotting a lie.

It is desperately difficult work. The handbook offers a seven-point preliminary test (rather like an annual physical examination), designed to uncover the possible lurking place of a prevarication. Once such a locus of infection is suspected, more intensive techniques can be brought to bear to isolate and diagnose it.

Eyes fixed on heaven, the general counsel of the Association of National Advertisers has attempted a definition of honesty, and it is quoted in the *Truth Book*:

> An advertisement is honest when objective facts which bear upon the product or service advertised fulfill in all material respects the understanding regarding them that is generated in people by the advertisement when observed in the way or ways that they normally perceive it.

Recognizing, however, that mortal man is unlikely to achieve a perfect definition of anything so ethereal as truth, the handbook continues:

> Truthful advertising . . . is a matter of philosophy and intent. . . . The honest seafarer needs no chart. He need only keep his eye on the star of truth.

Which is as pretty a sentiment as ever came out of Madison Avenue, and we are only ashamed of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey for not having phrased it first.

It is right that we sympathize with the advertisers in their manful struggle, for in a peculiar sense truth and falsehood are the tools of their trade. As the *Truth Book* states in its preamble:

> By its very nature, [false and deceptive advertising] is a loose concept, expanding and contracting according to the current philosophy of control and the nature of the advertising in question.

Or, to put it more directly, truth is what you can get away with, and a lie is like when someone cries "copper." Not truth, in short, but truth or consequences, is what this little book is all about.

## Boy Bites American Legion

The uncertainties of life and the perils of prediction have never been better illustrated than in the behavior of a section of the younger generation which, after being chided for aspiring only to be hirelings of the great corporations and raising their own families in peace, demonstrated at lunch counters, in the City Hall at San Francisco, and in various other rebellions, how much they have been maligned. What is worse, this sort of thing spreads, and just as twelve-year-old females are now using eyeshade and wearing brassieres on their bony little chests, it spreads downwards in the age scale. At Westbury, Long Island, Rocco Pasquarelli, the Americanism chairman of the local American Legion post, stood up before more than 1,000 students, parents, and school officials at the Westbury High School Senior Awards assembly and prepared to present a shiny gold Citizenship Award pin to seventeen-year-old Stephen Bayne, who had already received a collection of other honors, including a scholarship to Harvard and numerous awards for highest scholastic achievement. Instead of showing a becoming gratitude, Stephen interrupted: "Wait . . . I refuse to accept any award from an organization whose policies I am unable to respect!" As the Russians would say, consternation prevailed in the hall. A man in the audience jumped to his feet and shouted, "I demand that that boy be expelled from school immediately!" The principal apologized for Stephen's reprehensible behavior. Two of the young malefactor's other awards were withdrawn by the faculty and given to presumably more docile candidates, but the latter also turned out to be recalcitrant; while not agreeing with Stephen, they refused the prizes as rightfully belonging to him. Thus the contagion spreads among the youth, and the compulsion to make asses of themselves spreads among faculties and school administrators. As for libertarians, the moral of it all is an old one: "*Nil desperandum.*"



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*THE CASE OF KOREA*

# OUR FALLING RAMPARTS . . *by Alfred Crofts*

*In last week's issue (June 18), we noted editorially: "The policy of military containment, using such containers as Rhee, Menderes, Batista, Nuri, Franco, Chamoun, Chiang [and, we might have added, Kishi], has failed. What remains of American prestige and reputation can be saved only if the failure is recognized and the policy is changed, and soon." In many ways, Korea was characteristic of all our failures; and until we understand why we failed there, no new policies we may formulate will likely be any better than the old. That is why, ten years after the outbreak of the Korean War, we present the following account of certain developments which led up to it, and certain consequences which followed.*

*As a professional historian and an eyewitness of many of the events he describes, the author is particularly qualified to write this ten-year retrospect. There is also a special drama attached to the writing. A Naval Intelligence officer in World War II, Mr. Crofts went to Korea in 1945 as part of the U.S. Military Government. In 1950, when the war started, he was back in the United States, teaching at the University of Denver (he still teaches there). A few days after the war's outbreak, he was scheduled to discuss the subject on a local radio program sponsored by the university's Social Science Foundation. But when the foundation's director read the script, he canceled the broadcast.*

*With the additional material—and perspectives—that ten years have given him, Mr. Crofts here says what he wanted to say in 1950, and could not. — Ed.*

I WAS ONE of fifty American officers assembled on a muddy field near Tenth Army H.Q. in Okinawa on the evening of September 1, 1945. We had volunteered to set up USAMGIK — United States Military Government in Korea — with authority over 17 million people south of the Thirty-eighth Parallel. Two of us had seen the land we were to govern (as one of the two, I had passed through the area, then the Japanese colony of Chosen, some years before on the South Manchuria Railway). Most of us had received civil-affairs training, though none spoke a sentence of Korean.

Escorted by USAFIK (U. S. Armed Forces in Korea) — the Army's XXIV Corps, under command of Lieut-Gen. John R. Hodge — our first echelon disembarked at Inchon a week later. We were boundlessly acclaimed as liberators on the way to Seoul, and our convoys passed under triumphal arches and welcoming banners. In the capital, we were greeted with copies of an English-language paper, *The Korea Times*, clandestinely published by a staff of American university graduates.

The division of Korea into Russian and American sectors had been decided as a means of supervising the Japanese surrender. To many Americans, USAMGIK seemed a quick way home, probably by Christmas; and its duties were lightly undertaken. There was much fraternization with the Japanese, who depended critically upon American friendship and did not lack means of entertaining us. So convivial was one of our provincial Military Governors that his immediate transfer became necessary. General Hodge himself thoughtlessly offended national opinion by remarking that "Koreans and Japanese are the same breed of cats."

Disarmament of the Japanese, the primary objective of the occupation, was taken to mean disarming Koreans also. ("Let's see that the Gooks don't start another war. either!") Not only did we destroy planes and ordnance that might have armed a new Korean militia; we smashed wireless and optical equipment which had been transferred to college science laboratories.

USAFIK completely dominated Military Government; hence authority rested with tactical officers from the U.S. infantry, artillery and air force, competent in their profession, but indifferent to civilian problems. All wished to keep their men comfortable; a number regarded this Korean assignment merely as the best way to hold their wartime temporary rank.

I myself, a Navy lieutenant, was given supervision of university affairs, an office rated by the Japanese as the highest in the Chosen bureaucracy. My principal effort was to rehabilitate colleges which had been converted into G.I. billets ( a practice forbidden in Japan by MacArthur). I found it impossible to secure adequate fuel or rice rations for the academic classes. Institutions sponsored by American mission boards were, it is true, treated with respect; official favor was thus lavished on women's Bible schools, while the Imperial University's technical colleges were stripped to make a hospital barracks and its reading rooms filled with army cots. I protested that to humiliate scholars is a diplomatic blunder in Confucian society. "These Gooks," retorted a Colonel Blimp, "don't need colleges! Let's close the places up and train them to be coolies."

OUR Education Bureau did, early in October, order the recruitment of a university staff, selecting Paik Lak Geon as dean. Paik was an able and experienced educator, holding a doctoral degree from Yale. But his appointment touched off serious demonstrations: student marchers took to the streets and walls were placarded with protests. He had



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been, it transpired, a pro-Japanese broadcaster during the war; in fact, I found copies of his anti-American diatribes on file with Intelligence. At a public hearing, Dr. Paik admitted the charges against him; I urged that they be forgiven, pointing out that American-educated leaders were placed under intolerable pressure to collaborate with the Japanese. But students and professors voted unanimously to demand his resignation. Some of them had been sent to the mines for joining the Resistance; their classmates had been executed or their sisters seized as "comfort girls" for the Japanese Army. They could not respect anyone who had purchased security by collaboration.

Dr. Paik's removal had been agreed upon when, upon astute advice, he declared his accusers to be "Communists." Three weeks of investigation had revealed no sign of Communist activity; indeed, students assured me that because of censorship they had never learned to know communism. But the tactic succeeded. Proceedings were thrown into reverse: USAFIK confirmed the dean in his office (which he soon resigned, to reappear later as Syngman Rhee's Minister of Education); and students were warned to obey him — or their university would be "wiped out."

"Collaboration" dominated all other issues during the early months of Military Government. The offense could not be clearly defined: during thirty-five years of colonial rule, the opportunity to study in America, the holding of public office or the acquisition of wealth had been prima-facie evidence of good standing with the Japanese Government-General of Chosen. Now all interpreters for USAMGIK, as well as its most trusted advisers, were being charged with collaboration. Our Committee on Education, headed by Kim Sung Soo, the respected founder of Posung College and owner of *Dong A Il Bo* (*East Asia Daily News*), was nicknamed "Korean Committee on Collaboration." The Korean peoples' patriotic search for scapegoats resembled that in our own subsequent McCarthy era.

During the first week of Military Government, two separate welcoming parades were held in Seoul. "We could not join the first one," a college student explained to me, "and march with the friends of the Japanese. That is why we organized a Loyal Koreans' parade afterwards." Interpreters and bureaucrats defended each other against the charges filed daily with USAMGIK; by December, left-wing posters described the Government House as "that nest of traitors." The board set up by

Military Government to try collaborationists did not secure a single conviction. But it became apparent that within the American Zone there were two Koreas separated by an ideological gulf quite as wide as the Thirty-eighth Parallel.

WE MISSED, within the first month of the occupation, our best chance of peacefully unifying Korea. On V-J Day, August 15, prominent Koreans began to set up governing committees throughout the peninsula. Japanese authorities cooperated, and the Russians, moving immediately across the northern frontier, approved. On September 6, two days before the American landings, a nation-wide convention established a People's Republic, electing as President the Resistance leader Lyuh Woon Hyeung. The Republic was moderately left-wing — though no more so than the post-colonial regimes in Africa today. Lyuh had the confidence even of the conservative editors of *The Korea Times*. But, because of its close relations with the Russians in the North, and because Lyuh attempted to deal with General Hodge upon equal terms, USAMGIK denied Lyuh's regime any "authority, status, or form" and forbade it to use the title of *Republic*.

A potential unifying agency became thus one of the fifty-four splinter groups in South Korean political life.

Before the American landings, a political Right, associated in popular thought with colonial rule, could not exist; but shortly afterward we were to foster at least three conservative factions. During the earliest days of Military Government, numbers of American-educated Koreans and other anti-Republic elements formed a New People's Party directed by Kimm Kiu Sic, a graduate of the University of Washington.

In mid-October, USAMGIK welcomed Syngman Rhee, director of the wartime Korean Commission in Washington. Rhee, a hero of the 1919 Mansei Independence Revolt in Korea, had during thirty-seven years of exile acquired a doctorate in Political Science under Woodrow Wilson at Princeton. His return attracted little general attention, though from the first he seems to have won the favor of the collaborationist groups.

THE most distinguished of the returning *émigrés* was, without doubt, Kim Koo, who arrived in November with the thirteen-member Cabinet of the Provisional Government of Korea. Kim, a man of action, had four decades before personally avenged the death of Queen Min, martyr of the struggle against annexation. His government-in-exile, based in Chungking, had kept 35,000 troops in the field with the Chinese Nationalist Army: since it had a footing in both the Northern and Southern zones of Korea, it might have offered a basis for national union. Its failure followed a deadlock in American-Soviet negotiations and the arrival, during January, of Kim Il Sung, a dedicated international Communist, to direct the North Korean administration.

Kimm, Rhee and Kim Koo had led widely estranged careers, but for a time they cooperated. All were



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conciliatory toward the Left: Rhee, in fact, endorsed certain "good" Marxist ideas. They joined in demanding the prompt unification of Korea and led the protest demonstrations when, on December 29, the Moscow Conference announced an indefinite continuation of the Russo-American "trusteeship" over the country.

An underground Communist Party had existed in Korea since 1925, winning popular favor by its unrelenting opposition to the Chosen Government-General. It catered to USAMGIK by approving trusteeship, and American representatives attended its twenty-first anniversary celebration. During the spring of 1946, it joined Lyuh Woon Hyeung's newly formed People's Party in a Democratic People's Front. Opposing the Front was a fusion of rightists calling itself The National Society for the Rapid Realization of Independence. Politics in South Korea had become polarized.

THE HEAVIEST shock to unity was administered by U.S. Military Government Ordinance 33 of December 12, 1945, confiscating all property held by the former Government-General or any Japanese national. Military Government thus took title to the best urban residences, nearly all business structures and industrial plants, four-fifths of the rice lands, prodigious quantities of merchandise, seventeen tons of silver and warehouses filled with industrial metals or rubber. In the North, confiscated Japanese properties remained with the government, but American policy called for the establishment of private enterprise. Under USAMGIK direction, chattels and securities were to be sold, city real estate rented until ready for auction, and agricultural lands entrusted to a New Korea Company for sale on the most attractive terms possible to operating farmers.

With half the wealth of the nation "up for grabs," demoralization was rapid. The People's Front charged that three classes owned nearly all available capital and could thus divide the bonanza among them: collaborationists who had grown rich under the Japanese; "Liberation upstarts" who were profiteering by the sale of scarce consumer goods, and returning carpetbagger *émigrés* (I knew well a member of the latter class — a Seoul millionaire who had made his fortune as a gangster in wartime Shanghai). Syngman Rhee became increasingly identified with these opportunists, and was considered their mouthpiece.

Rhee made an even more fruitful alliance with the National Police — a Military Government reorganization of the Japanese *kempeitai*, or gendarmerie, the most hated part of the colonial apparatus. It retained many of its former Korean personnel on the theory expressed by one American: "They did a good job for the Japanese. Why not for us?" The police corps soon reverted to its function of political and "thought" control; in alliance with the reactionary Taehan Youth Group, it smashed "radical" newspaper plants, raided labor-union offices and even, on one occasion, the Seoul YMCA. It became so unpopular that on occasion soldiers joined with civilians to combat it on the streets. In time, the police became Rhee's private Black-and-Tans.

Yet Rhee stood closest to American Military Government: while M.G. radio allowed each party only fifteen minutes on the air per fortnight, Rhee, rated as a non-political leader, received for himself a weekly half-hour "spot."

FIFTEEN months of bi-zonal adminstration left Korea farther than ever from unification. The blame rested chiefly with Soviet stubbornness through two lengthy and abortive conferences. USAMGIK accordingly prepared to set up an autonomous Southern government. Elections were called for a South Korean Interim Legislative Assembly (SKILA). Rhee's smoothly functioning and well-financed Rapid Realization faction seized all but one of the forty-five Assembly seats. Admitting the unfairness of the election, General Hodge thereupon appointed forty-five more members from a list of moderates recommended by Kim Koo; Rhee carried his personal protest as far as Washington, but was overruled.

When SKILA convened in December, 1946, Kimm Sic was chosen chairman. It sat for a year and a half, torn by serious dissensions that led to the withdrawal of Kimm and twenty-nine followers; Rhee took charge of the rump legislature, adopting the novel procedure of announcing its decisions himself without the "trifling" formality of counting ayes and nays.

BY THE end of 1947 Korean affairs were under intense study by the United Nations. There, a Russian resolution in January called for joint immediate withdrawal of the occupying armies; it was defeated, though favored by two to one in a Seoul public-opinion poll. The UN, instead of ordering a military withdrawal, created a temporary Commission on Korea (UNTCOK), whose eight members were welcomed in the South but denied admittance North of the Thirty-eighth Parallel. It supervised a zonal election on May 11, 1948, which returned 54 Rhee candidates and 88 Independents in an Assembly of 200. The defeated Democratic Party charged wholesale coercion of electors by Police and Youth Corps — causing 300 violent deaths. But UNTCOK voted, 5-3, to accept "the free will of the electorate."

American forces withdrew in June, 1948. They passed under no triumphal arches, but respect and gratitude accompanied them. The United States had spent a billion dollars in the peninsula, bringing food, rebuilding industry, and repaying manifold the cost of early blunders. Cultural leadership could be entrusted to a higher educational system enrolling nearly twenty thousand students.

The Constitution of the new Republic of Korea (*Han Min Kook*) which replaced USAMGIK, provided for a strong President chosen by the Assembly but empowered to make war, appoint all national officials, and rule by decree in times of crisis. Syngman Rhee, now age seventy-four, was the Presidential choice. He was inaugurated on August 15, the third anniversary of



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Korean independence. The United Nations and most Western nations recognized the Republic by the spring of 1949.

Simultaneously, the Communist bloc erected a People's Democratic Republic in North Korea. Two sovereign, armed and hostile states confronted each other along the Thirty-eighth Parallel.

RHEE no longer spoke of voluntary unification; as the declared opponent of the North, he could not have maintained power in a united Korea, and therefore had a vested interest in partition. He had drawn away from the majority of his countrymen, and even more from his earlier associates. Kim Koo and Kimm Kiu Sic had quite early favored compromise with the North. Later, they pressed the Russian plan for simultaneous troop withdrawal and conferred with Kim Il Sung and Northern agents of the United Independence Movement to launch a nationwide "underground" plebiscite in place of the U.N. election.

General MacArthur had warned at Rhee's inauguration that "the Thirty-eighth Parallel must and will be torn down." ROK military leaders were more specific: as soon as possible they would subjugate the North. Manifestoes from Pyong-yang, capital of North Korea, were even more belligerent. Yalu Valley hydroelectric power was shut off from Seoul, and informal war crackled along the border throughout the summer and autumn of 1947.

Rhee took over the state broadcasting system, harassed opposition journalists, imprisoned eleven Assemblymen and over 30,000 citizens suspected of correspondence with the North. Assassination also had its role; gunmen removed Lyuh Woon Hyeung in 1947, Kim Koo in 1949.

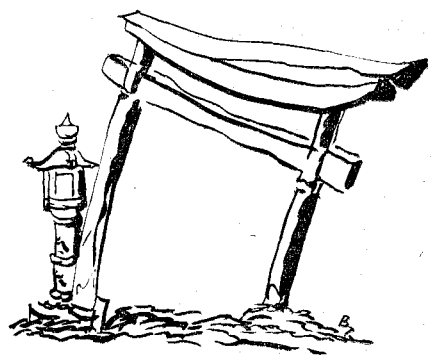
Events of 1950 hastened the imminence of war. On January 12, Secretary of State Acheson omitted Korea from the perimeter ("the Aleutians . . . Japan . . . the Ryukyus") which America was bound to defend. But he expressed "concern and dismay" a week later when Republicans in Congress defeated a $150-million Korean Aid Bill. The ROK economy was sagging dangerously; average income was estimated at one-tenth of living costs. The legislative election of May 30 deprived Rhee of nearly half his Assembly following. Police tyranny sharpened public resentment; some candidates conducted winning campaigns from prison. There was a strong groundswell of sympathy for the Northern plebiscite proposal. Delegates from Pyong-yang openly entered Seoul, to be at once arrested.

IN MID-JUNE, John Foster Dulles visited President Rhee — probably to strengthen ROK morale. He found a government that was in fact a police state, repudiated by the electorate and by many of its founders, ignored by the United States, impoverished and militarily weak. Pyong-yang saw that the time was ripe for a quick, "preventive" war. During ten years, no evidence has been found that either the USSR or China ordered the North Korean assault of June 25 — or had prior knowledge of it.

Within weeks, three-fourths of South Korea was overrun. The invaders' Russian tanks could easily have been stopped in the hills by a resolute defense; their Yak planes were few and obsolete; Communist doctrine had little appeal to a population familiar with the grim reports of Northern refugees. But millions of South Koreans welcomed the prospect of unification, even on Communist terms. They had suffered police brutality, intellectual repression and political purge. Few felt much incentive to fight for profiteers or to die for Syngman Rhee. Only 10 per cent of the Seoul population abandoned the city; many troops deserted, and a number of public figures, including Kimm Kiu Sic, joined the North.

Rhee, in turn, persuaded a reluctant U.N. in October to authorize the counter-invasion by MacArthur's forces — a decision which led not to unification, but only to Chinese intervention. The President's courage won universal respect, and war gave him a pretext for seizing full emergency powers. In December, 1951, he organized his personal Liberal Party. When the Assembly declined next spring to re-elect him, pro-Rhee mobs forced it to amend the Constitution, opening the Presidency to popular vote. The Liberal machine then secured his second term — though Kim Sung Soo, now his Vice President, resigned in protest and went into hiding.

It is unfortunate that the intransigents, Syngman Rhee and Kim Il Sung, both survived the war, guaranteeing the division of their country until the present day and



creating at the Truce Line the most impassable barrier in the modern world.

IN 1956, the Liberals held a clear majority of Assembly seats; Rhee felt strong enough to demand repeal of the Constitutional two-term limitation on the Presidency. Though his motion was defeated, Rhee ordered the minutes changed and declared the amendment passed. He was thus enabled to "accept a draft" for a third term.

The Democratic candidate was Shin Ik Ki, who died fortuitously ten days before the election. His running mate, Chang Myun, actually won the Vice Presidency. A third party, the Progressives, nominated Cho Bong Am, a long-time political rival of Rhee. A year after his defeat, the Progressives were outlawed; Cho was arrested, tried for "espionage" and finally hanged.

Rhee's party could no longer carry Seoul, Pusan or any center under observation by foreign correspondents or U.N. Commissioners; but its power in the rural areas was absolute. Missionary friends reported the 1956 campaign to me from their country parish: here police suppres-



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sed all anti-Rhee activity, demanded that Liberal partisans be allowed to address religious or educational gatherings, levied a one-tenth rice tax for party support, and supervised the balloting.

Full totalitarian controls were written into a 1958 National Security Law — one of whose thirty articles provided ten years' imprisonment for all who "slander government agencies . . . or members . . . by holding meetings or disseminating documents." Protest was so vigorous in the Assembly that police invaded the hall and ejected seventy Democrats before the law could be passed.

Though the press of South Korea had been declared captive and dropped from membership in the International Press Institute, a study of five years' issues of Rhee's American propaganda organ, *The Korean Survey*, reveals no admission of injustice and little hint of disorder in the Republic.

NO DIFFICULTY was anticipated in capturing a fourth term for Syngman Rhee in 1960. The Democratic nominee died—fortunately, in Washington — during February, and the election set forward to March, before a successor could be chosen. Chang Myun ran again for the Vice Presidency, losing to Lee Ki Poong, Rhee's pliable tool, after a contest dominated (according to Chang) by "illegality, terrorism and murder."

The post-election demonstrations carried my own thoughts back, full-cycle, to 1945. Students were marching, with professors joining the column. Now there was no USAMGIK to protect them or to interfere — only the National Police and the Taehan hoodlums, pouring in from side alleys with clubs and knives. Leadership of the *intelligentsia* proved decisive; the Army showed itself friendly, a riot became a revolution, bringing twelve years of tyranny to an end.

Had the protests of 1945 been heeded, would there, I wonder, have been a Syngman Rhee dictatorship — or a Korean War?

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***AEC TAKES A BEATING***

# CAPE COD'S ATOMIC PARK . . *by Grace DesChamps*

*Cape Cod, Mass.*

THE EXTRAORDINARY and persistent efforts of the expanding atomic energy industry to by-pass public opinion and public safety have received a setback here under circumstances which invite close scrutiny by communities throughout the country.

This is the significance of the recent victory scored by the people of Cape Cod over the Massachusetts Atomic Energy Commission which, with the support of a segment of the atomic industry in the state, sought to establish here a critical nuclear facility under the guise of an "Atomic Park."

The "park," it turned out, was to be a 20,483-acre site which could become a receiving dump for high-level atomic wastes, a reactor-testing station and an atomic-fuels reprocessing plant. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, when in search of a site for a comparable establishment elsewhere, picked "894 square miles of desert waste land" in Arco, Idaho.

But Cape Cod is not Arco. It is a peninsula with a permanent population of 69,000, an average daily summer vacation population of 300,000 and a $100 million vacation industry which is its principal source of income. The Cape, moreover, is only sixty-five miles long — no more than a mile in width at one point — and only fifty miles from metropolitan Boston's population of more than a million. A half-hour's drive from the proposed "park" is the beginning of the projected Cape Cod National Seashore, to "preserve a magnificent ocean shoreline and recreational area for future generations."

The history of the rapidly-growing atomic industry is studded with official attempts to shroud atomic hazards from the public, and to pursue atomic industrial activities with a tranquilizing absence of public information. [See "Test Case on Atomic Waste," *The Nation*, Aug. 1, 1959, and "'Hot' Dumping off Boston," *The Nation*, Sept. 19, 1959. — Ed.] What has happened on Cape Cod reveals what an *alerted* public, willing to fight for its rights, can do to safeguard itself from the machinations of those in the atomic industry to whom public safety is not the primary consideration.

THE CAPE COD story begins in November, 1957, when Massachusetts Governor Foster Furcolo called for a combined effort by the six New England states to establish an atomic industrial-research center which would enable the New England area to compete successfully with regional economic blocs in the South and West. A special commission appointed by the Governor to study the problem issued its report in December, 1958.

**Court Rejects AEC License**

The United States Court of Appeals has ruled that the Atomic Energy Commission was unjustified, from the standpoint of public health and safety, in issuing a "provisional" construction permit for a nuclear-power station at Laguna, Michigan. The court majority sharply criticized the AEC for permitting construction of the station in an area where some 2,000,000 people live within a thirty-mile radius.

The license had been challenged by a group of labor unions on the ground that the proposed plant would create a public hazard.

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Foreseen in the report was the need of an atomic center to include a station for testing reactors and atomic fuels; a plant to reprocess atomic fuels from reactors in the eastern United States and U.S.-leased reactors in Europe, and from nuclear-powered ships; and underground storage tanks for both "low-level" and "intensely radioactive" wastes.

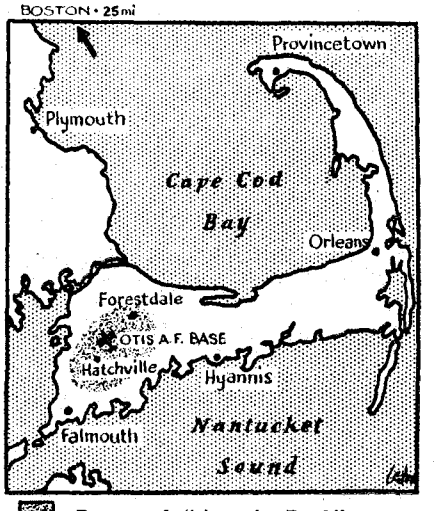
A suitable site for these facilities, said the report, would be one "preferably surrounded by an isolation area of unpopulated land." It pointed out that "a large part of the cost" of a fuels-reprocessing plant is "the need for *heavy shielding and remote control of operations because of the highly radioactive condition of the used fuel when removed from the reactor*" (italics added). Also indicated was proximity to deep-water wharfage "so that the used-fuel containers, which are very heavy in order to shield the intense radioactivity, can be unloaded from ships near the plant."

FOR reasons still unclear on Cape Cod, contents of the report received little, if any, publicity — none, certainly, on the Cape.

Serving on the commission which prepared the report was an eleven-man team, eight of them legislators — scarcely knowledgeable, as it was later pointed out, in the field of atomic science. The three other members were Massachusetts Atomic Energy Coordinator Raymond I. Rigney of Boston, also a layman in atomic science; Dr. Theos J. Thompson of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, formerly on the staff of the federal Atomic Energy Commission; and Carroll L. Wilson, then chairman of the executive committee of Metals and Controls Corporation, Nuclear, of Attleboro, Mass. (The Boston *Herald* of May 8, 1958, described Metals and Controls as the largest single AEC contractor, with contracts amounting to $14,236,-392.)

Early this year, the state Atomic Energy Commission (of which Mr. Wilson was a member) presented Massachusetts House Bill 2904 to establish an "Atomic Park" on Cape Cod's Camp Edwards military reservation in the towns of Bourne, Falmouth, Sandwich and Mashpee, northeast of Falmouth.

While the bill refrained — understandably — from specific mention of the facilities discussed in the special commission report on the proposal, *it nevertheless provided the legal machinery for establishing all of them.* A number of outstanding representatives of the atomic industry appeared at the Boston State House in support of the bill, among them Samuel Auchincloss of Tracerlab, Inc., a firm which has pioneered not only in the atomic industry, but also in its public relations problems. (Walter Stenzel, the firm's public relations director, contributed a chapter called "Developing Consumer Acceptance in Radioactivity" to *Public Relations in the Atomic Industry*, published in 1956 by the Atomic Industrial Forum, Inc.)



*Proposed "Atomic Park"*

BUT CAPE COD, in the spring of 1960, knew little of the atomic industry — and even less about the "Atomic Park" planned for it. What blew the lid off was a letter from an innocent reader of the Falmouth *Enterprise*, requesting information about the "park." "We Are Ignorant But We'd Like To Know," was the *Enterprise's* editorial answer. Other newspapers took up the plea. With the third and final legislative hearing at the State House on the bill just ahead, the demand for public information grew louder. At this juncture, a group of scientists at Woods Hole dropped their researches long enough to read not only the bill, but the Special Commission Report of 1958.

The bombshell dropped within a week. Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, Nobel Prize-winner in medicine and Director of the Institute for Muscle Research at the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory, sharply attacked the proposed "Atomic Park." He was joined by Senior Electronics Engineer John P. Hervey of the Rockefeller Institute, also engaged in research at Woods Hole, who called the Special Commission Report "a curious document, by turns secretive and revealing." He expressed his belief that "a good deal of relevant information is being concealed from the public and probably from the General Court [the state legislature] as well." Hervey noted that of the three non-legislators appointed to draft House Bill 2904, one was "a former general manager of the AEC . . . an organization, not known for its candor and forthrightness."

OTHER scientists joined the two men. Cape Codders began to read the bill and to scramble for copies of the report, now out of print. Therein they came upon pertinent revelations: that "cranberry bogs and summer residential property values may be adversely affected" by the "park," and that "the public may object to the Atomic Park" and "may refuse to use the recreational facilities." *If there was anything further Cape Codders needed to know, it was that a "park" site north of Boston had not been recommended because "prevailing winds blow toward Boston."*

In response to public request, the Woods Hole scientists held a public information meeting at Falmouth, which was jammed with delegations from the fifteen towns of Barnstable County. At this meeting, the scientists "leaned over backwards" to avoid causing alarm. So, later, testified Major General Robert J. Butler, U.S.A., Ret., former Deputy Director of Military Applications of Atomic Science. *"The situation is much worse than they say it is,"* he testified. . . . *"I could give some examples of things that can happen*



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*that would really create some panic in this audience. . . .*"

But the cat was already out of the bag — and not all the public relations experts in the atomic industry knew how to get it back in again. (To give them credit, they tried!) The indignation which swept Cape Cod was relieved by a kind of wild humor. The *Cape Codder* printed a cartoon of an apparel shop specializing in protective equipment against radiation and offering a "Geiger Counter Free With $10 Purchase." A Cape minister observed dryly that if the "park" succeeded, "Cape Cod might have the dubious distinction of becoming the first radioactive resort."

Meanwhile, at the peak of discussion, the Yankee Atomic Electric Company, comprising a group of New England utility companies, was suddenly taking newsmen and "park" supporters — now confined largely to the town of Bourne — on a conducted tour of their new power reactor on the Deerfield River, in Rowe, Mass., pointing out the plant's safety and attractiveness. (The Yankee reactor is not yet in operation and the population of Rowe, in the western part of the state, is 200.)

THE conducted tour interested the editor of the *Cape Codder*. In an editorial entitled, "A People Under Nuclear Pressure," he inquired: "Why are the operators of the Rowe plant so interested in seeing a chemical reprocessing plant set up at Camp Edwards or some other East Coast site?" A legislative witness, the editor observed, had already made an "informed guess": "The Rowe plant, at this stage, is an expensive way to produce electricity. . . . Naturally, the people at Rowe are interested in cutting costs." To have Yankee's fuels reprocessed on Cape Cod, the witness had pointed out, would save the company transportation costs to Hanford, Wash., where the federal AEC had announced they would be reprocessed. The *Cape Codder* pointed out:

> It is becoming increasingly clear that Cape Cod is facing some powerful forces in its fight to escape ruination in the wake of a Nuclear Park. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and the budding nuclear industry have a bear by the tail: They have solved the problem of nuclear application without solving the problem of what to do with the wastes. They are under terrific pressure to go ahead before a satisfactory waste problem solution is reached. The interests of Cape Cod do not look very large to these people. . . .

NOW State Senator Edward Stone (of Cape Cod) requested a special legislative hearing to be held on the Cape itself. (It became necessary to hold two, because at the first one not a single "park" supporter elected to show up.)

At these hearings, nuclear scientists riddled the absence of scientific judgment in the "Atomic Park" plan, which could have jeopardized "lives and property" and, in event of a nuclear accident, "immobilized" the country's largest Air Force defense base, Camp Otis, adjacent to the proposed site. Hydrologists, meteorologists and marine biologists testified to the threat of radioactive contamination of Cape Cod's shallow ground-water table, to conditions of wind and weather which heightened hazards from reactor fallout, and to the menace to the Cape's shellfish industry.

Dr. Charles D. Coryell of M.I.T., formerly associated with the Manhattan Project and Oak Ridge National Laboratory, testified that the risks involved were ones no populated area could afford to take. "I am for atomic energy — it is my

## Wasting $1,250 a Second . . *by E. U. Condon*

FEW PEOPLE have a clear picture of the vast resources that disarmament would release for the development of a world at peace. America alone is wasting resources on armaments at the rate of more than $40 billion a year — an investment in fear and anxiety which is costing us $110 million a day, $4.5 million an hour, $76,000 a minute, $1,250 a second. And that's America alone. Altogether, the nations of the world are wasting 2.5 times this much. And each nation says it must do this because the others are doing it.

This is real wealth that we are wasting. It represents productive effort that we have been expending each year for more than a decade. It is wealth that is ready for constructive use whenever the world decides to get together in peace instead of preparing to commit suicide.

Perhaps the best way to visualize this wasted wealth is to compare it with the comparatively low costs of peacetime capital improvements that permanently improve the human condition. The great irrigation and power projects built around Boulder Dam cost originally about $200 million. That's about what we are spending on defense every two days! Last year, the great St. Lawrence Seaway was opened; it brings ocean-borne shipping to the Great Lakes. It cost $500 million to build. Less than one week's expenditures on armaments would have covered the cost of both Boulder Dam and the St. Lawrence Seaway!

*We could erect a new $1 million hospital in every county in the United States for less than the cost of one defense-month.* We could have a $10 billion highway construction all bought and paid for with what we spend on defense in three months.

SUPPOSE THAT we were to work out a plan with the Russians for the exchange of a million college students (*The Nation* suggested something along this line editorially on Feb. 8, 1958). A million Americans would be studying in the Soviet Union while a million Soviet students would be studying here. This would cost about $3 billion annually over and above what it costs to have these two million students go to college in their own countries. Even if the Russians contributed not a cent, we could pay for the program by spending $37 billion instead of $40 billion a year on armaments. And, so long as there were a million Russian students on our soil, and a million Americans on Russian soil, one could be absolutely certain that neither country would make a surprise attack on the other.

*E. U. CONDON, noted American scientist, is Wayman Crow Professor of Physics at Washington University.*



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career," Dr. Coryell emphasized before the Legislative Committee on Power and Light, which conducted the hearings. *"I am also for the human race — and for the people of Massachusetts and Cape Cod."*

When slight, elderly Senator Stone, revered here, entered the Bourne Armory to lead the opposition at the final Cape hearing, a burst of applause swept the packed auditorium. Supporting the Senator were the Barnstable County Medical Society, more than a dozen top-level scientists, boards of selectmen, garden clubs, realtors, bank presidents, Major General Butler — and every conceivable kind of Cape civic group, from the Portuguese-American Civic League to the local D.A.R.

Officers of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce who had originally supported the bill — and off-Cape AEC contractors who had urged its passage — were nowhere in sight. Local support was left to a handful of Bourne interests: the Chamber of Commerce of Buzzards Bay, which is a part of Bourne; the heads of the Bourne Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, representatives of the local V.F.W. and American Legion, several Bourne area businessmen, and the business agent of the Carpenters Union. Of the members of the special commission who had started the whole business, only Mr. Rigney showed up.

At the close of the second legislative hearing, Cape Codders rejected commitment of their future into the hands of the state Atomic Energy Commission by a standing vote estimated at 1,000 to 50.

THE LOCAL implications of the "park" fight will be felt for a long time, especially by leaders of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce who had endorsed the project (the Chamber's president had declared that opponents of the "park" were playing "the old Communist game" — a jibe which sturdy Republican Cape Codders won't forget in a hurry). Statewide, the supporters of House Bill 2904, which *inter alia* would have empowered a state Atomic Authority to parcel out more than 20,000 acres of public lands to the AEC and private operators, find themselves in opposition to the official atomic energy policy of the Democratic Party and its currently leading Presidential aspirant, Senator John Kennedy.

But over and beyond the political implications, local and national, is the problem faced by the atomic industry, and in particular government agencies dealing with it, in re-establishing public confidence. Time and again the federal AEC has violated this confidence on such matters as fallout dangers and the disposal of atomic wastes. Now it would appear that the federal agency is seeking to escape public censure by permitting state agencies to carry the responsibility for perpetuating the mistakes. But Cape Cod has shown that the plan won't work. Clearly, what is needed is clarification of public policy *at the very highest levels* — particularly public policy as it relates to the information and education functions of federal and state atomic agencies.

Meanwhile, a recast "park" bill, it is generally believed, will be reintroduced to the Massachusetts Legislature. But also general is the feeling that its sponsors will think twice before attempting to bring it back to Cape Cod.

"The Cape Cod decision is historic," declared James B. Muldoon, associate editor of the *Massachusetts Law Quarterly*, official organ of the state Bar Association, and one of the country's foremost legal experts in the field of radiation hazards. "Public opinion, for the first time competently informed, for the first time has had a chance to make a moral decision. What happened on Cape Cod is of country-wide importance."

# BUMPING THE PASSENGER . . .

***by Karl M. Ruppenthal***

"SORRY, plane's full," said a harried air-line agent to a waiting group of passengers, meanwhile trying to close a gate. "They're about to pull the steps now."

"But you've got to let us on," exclaimed a perspiring, exasperated man. "We've had reservations for weeks. We've simply got to get on this flight." Said the agent: "There are no more empty seats. In fact, if I've counted correctly, there's one too many on board already, and someone will have to get off."

"Well," shouted a woman, "this is the last time we'll fly on your air line. Now I know why everyone said we should avoid it if we possibly could."

"I'm sorry, Madam," said the agent, glancing furtively at his watch. "Evidently there's been a mistake. We'll do our best to get you space—maybe on another air line or on a later flight. Now if you'll just go to our ticket counter, I'm sure they'll make some arrangements. . . ."

And this is the drama that will be enacted many times this summer at most of the major airports in the land: more passengers confirmed than there are seats on the flight, and someone will be left behind. Disappointment, inconvenience and anger result. Businessmen miss important engagements. Servicemen return late from their leaves. Vacationers spend hours in places not contemplated in their plans.

It happens most frequently, of course, during the summer months. On a recent day in New York, 150 confirmed passengers lined up to get on a jet that could accommodate but 120. Since the competing lines were

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also sold out on that day, thirty people arrived in Paris a full day later than they had planned.

How can such things happen? Oversales—the air lines' terminology for too many confirmed passengers for the capacity of the plane—come about in a variety of ways: inefficiency, inconsideration and just plain honest mistakes.

Keeping records on the availability of seats is no small chore for the air lines. A record must be kept for every seat on every segment of every flight for a month in advance. This means that the larger air lines must keep inventory on something like a million available seats. Usually records are maintained for a month in advance; during peak travel periods, even longer.

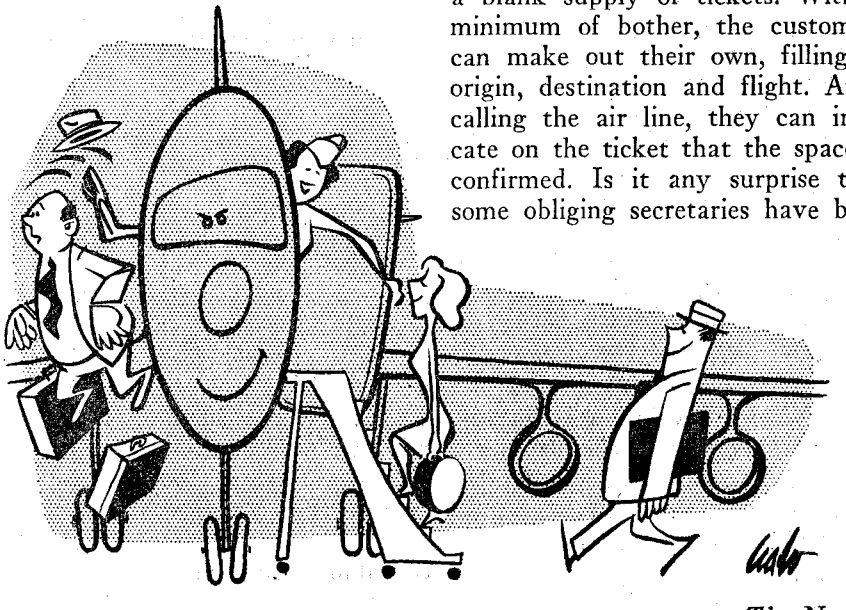
All of this data is normally kept in a Reservations Center, where clerks maintain a master record and notify the outlying stations by teletype when a flight is available and when it is sold out. When a reservation is made, the air line records not only the name of the passenger, his flight, origin and destination, but also his telephone number and whether or not he has picked up his ticket. There are additional duties which the reservations clerk must perform. One line estimates that it receives six telephone calls for each ticket actually sold.

SOME LINES handle this mass of records by hand, laboriously recording passenger names, available flights and dozens of other bits of data. In all this complicated business, it is not surprising that there are some mistakes. A customer may request flight 702 for the 8th, but an inattentive (or tired) reservations clerk may inadvertently book space on flight 702 on the 9th, or she may transpose the numbers and reserve space on flight 207 on the 8th, though on the passenger's ticket the date and flight number may appear correctly.

But it is much more likely that the reservations clerk will do her work well, and that something else will fail in the system. The teletype operator in the local reservations office will send a "res-message" to Central Reservations. Sometimes the gremlins interfere, and a message intended to say "Book 1 seat Fl-702-8th" comes out reading "Book 1 seat Flubb-2nd." No wonder the recipient is somewhat puzzled at the other end!

Heavy summer business makes everything a little worse. A system which normally handles ten thousand reservation requests may suddenly be called upon to handle twice as many. Furthermore, requests are not spaced neatly throughout the day, but come in droves during certain popular telephone hours. When the normal complement of reservations personnel cannot physically handle the load, pinch hitters are brought in to help — men drafted from the sales force and from other offices. When these labor pools run dry, inexperienced employees are sometimes brought in from the street. Since they start in the midst of a peak work load, it is not surprising that some human errors creep in.

Last year one line's system verged on total collapse when its peak summer traffic exceeded even the most rosy predictions. The line inaugurated jet flights, which were an instantaneous success. Hundreds of thousands who had never flown before decided that June was the time to try it. And to make matters worse, the company had half completed the installation of a new electronic-reservations system which would (eventually) eliminate many tedious hand entries. But the system was not complete. The chaos was reminiscent of a twenty-story building that has dismantled half of its elevators so that high speed, automatic ones can be installed: until the job is finished, some people must take the stairs. Fortunately for the travelers (and the air lines), most of the electronic systems are now in full operation.



BUT AN electronic system will not eliminate all oversales. Some of them are caused by travel agents. These hard-working people make their commissions on air-line tickets and other services that they actually sell. Mechanically, they operate much as does an air line's own sales offices. They can inquire about the status of any flight, then book space accordingly. But here again the human element enters. Occasionally an agent will "confirm" a seat on a flight known to be full. But more likely the oversale results from other conditions.

The records may indicate that there are seats remaining on a popular flight, and thus "available for sale." Six travel agencies may sell tickets and confirm space at about the same time. Thus an immediate oversale of three seats is created. The problem may be compounded if the agents are busy—as they are likely to be in the summer—and delay a little in notifying the air line about their sales.

Still another factor must now be considered. In today's keen competition for the air traveler's dollar, some lines supply big customers with a blank supply of tickets. With a minimum of bother, the customers can make out their own, filling in origin, destination and flight. After calling the air line, they can indicate on the ticket that the space is confirmed. Is it any surprise that some obliging secretaries have been



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known to confirm for their boss space on a flight that is already sold out? Probably the surprising thing is not that there are such occurrences, but that they are relatively infrequent.

Of course, the other half of the oversale problem is that perennial headache—the "no-show." Each year thousands of people make reservations which they do not use, and for various reasons they do not inform the air lines of their change in plans. The no-show problem is particularly bad in Los Angeles, Miami and Las Vegas, where as many as 50 per cent of the confirmed passengers have failed to arrive for some flights. The day after a convention (when the air lines could fill twice the available seats) is particularly bad. No-show customers not only rob the lines of important revenue, but they prevent other passengers from using their seats.

Another vicious practice is the device of multiple booking. Some inconsiderate people reserve space on several air lines, deciding only at the last minute which line they will actually take. Spot checks last Christmas revealed some people who had reserved space on as many as four air lines. One family returning home in the high season reserved five seats from Paris on six consecutive days!

SINCE no-show seats represent serious financial loss, air lines have resorted to many compensating devices. One line calculates statistically how many people will probably no-show on every given flight on each segment of its routes. Its offices are authorized to accept over-reservations for a similar number of people. But this practice can be troublesome, since people sometimes refuse to behave like statistics. On some flights, all six people who are supposed to no-show, will somehow arrive at the airport. At one time, the no-show problem from Miami to New York was so bad that one line over booked its flights 100 per cent. This caused much confusion when all the no-shows showed up.

While the reasons for the oversales are important to the air lines, to the passengers competing for seats the important question is likely to be: Who gets left out in this game of musical chairs? Who gets to go, and who stays behind? Who makes the decision, and how is it made?

On this point, most air-line manuals are devilishly vague. Some agents are left with little more than the admonition to work out such situations on their own. Some have authority to book oversold coach passengers on the next available first-class flight. Others can give free passage under certain circumstances. One serviceman in an oversold situation boasted that not only did the air line give him free passage from New York to Los Angeles, but that it also gave him $20 and all the booze he could drink. Such devices, and others too, have been used to persuade a passenger voluntarily to relinquish his seat.

THE REAL problem arises when all those confirmed insist on making the flight for which they have reservations. In such situations, late comers may find that the plane is already full, and they will have difficulty asserting their claim, even though they made reservations weeks in advance. At a disadvantage, too, may be the passenger arriving on a connecting flight of a different line. He may be told that the incoming flight was late (as well it may have been), and this is the reason for his having no seat.

Of course, in the frantic turmoil at a congested airport, it is highly unlikely that the president of a big corporation, an ambassador, or a regular traveler will be left waiting at the gate. Passenger manifests usually note the presence of such VIPs. Seats are almost invariably found for members of the air line's own special "club"—be they admirals, ambassadors or "million milers." Holders of air-travel cards and customers of the large travel agencies will seldom find that they are the oversales.

Excess capacity this summer will reduce the incidence of oversales on most of the world's air routes. But none the less the drama will be played. Just travel enough on the air lines this year, and you, too, may be offered a role.

# LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

information can be secured from the Vigil at Fort Detrick, 324 W. Patrick St., Frederick, Md.

CHARLES C. WALKER
Co-Chairman

## Needed: Togetherness

*Dear Sirs:* Robert Paul Wolff begins his review (issue of June 11) of *Max Weber: an Intellectual Portrait* with a graceful compliment to Weber. He wrote that Weber possessed a wide variety of the disciplines of the social sciences. But Mr. Wolff denied that the various specialists in these sciences can combine their special insights to propose useful findings on assigned social problems. Does Mr. Wolff believe that these educated men cannot listen receptively and responsively to the convictions and proposals of others. . . ?

Mr. Wolff has written with much insight and can no doubt support his stand. (Hasn't nearly everybody left conferences in a blazing fury?) But he has touched here on a far larger problem: the responsibility for leadership of thought in times of crisis. . . . . Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Trends made a chief finding that we were "unprepared to undertake important integral changes in the reorganization of social life." And its major recommendation looked to the social scientists to come up with solutions! It went further when it added:

> The Social Science Research Council, representative of seven scientific societies, and devoted to the considerations of research in the social field, may prove an instrumentality of great value in the broader view of the complex social problems, in the integration of social knowledge, in the initiative toward social planning on a high level. . . . It is within the bounds of possibility that this Council might care to take the initiative in setting up other machinery for the consideration of *ad hoc* problems, and for more and generalized consideration of broader aspects of social integration and planning.

Mr. Wolff understandably did not pursue this subject. . . . I am writing to suggest that Mr. Wolff's review will have greatly added value if it sparks a discussion of this terrifying problem and if we can hear again from him and perhaps from the Social Science Research Council.

FRANCIS Y. GOODELL
*Yarmouth Port, Mass.*



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# BOOKS and the ARTS

## C. P. Snow and the Realistic Novel

*Earl Miner*

BY REALISM I mean "deeds and language such as men do use" without such other ulterior purpose as comedy or symbolism. In this sense, realism is particularly the province of the novel—in drama it usually becomes comedy (as Jonson's phrase implied) and in poetry, satire or description. The test of realism is transference: if we can imagine ourselves using "deeds and language" like those in a novel, it is realistic in ways that such splendid writers as Faulkner or Iris Murdoch are not.

Charles Percy Snow has shown our generation that the bones of realism may yet live. He first cut his cloth in a plausible detective novel; and in his first "literary" venture, *The Search* (1934), he produced what I. I. Rabi recommended "as the one novel . . . which was really about scientists living as scientists." Since then, apart from a play I have not seen, and some essays, he has been engaged upon a projected series of eleven novels which presents the interior and social education or life of a *Bildungsroman* hero, Lewis Eliot. The series, "Strangers and Brothers" (also the title of one of the novels), has wrongly been called Proustian. In its realistic Englishness it is more like Trollope or Ivy Compton-Burnett; in its differences it can be explained only by reference to the author.

William Cooper provides the best available introduction to C. P. Snow.[1] He relates the humble provincial beginnings, the early dedication to science and the academic honors, the service to the wartime Ministry of Labour that brought knighthood, and the many other public enterprises comprising a career at once varied, distinguished and unusual. Cooper further relates the plots of the novels, analyzes their design and discusses their themes—usefully but rather uncritically. To me, the important thing is that the unusual, and thereby more truly normal, experience of the novelist has led him to present men and women doing and saying what we know they do and say and with an unusual "honesty"—unblinking discernment well expressed. The trick is not easily turned, especially in a long series of separate yet integrated novels whose Lewis Eliot is so like the author. The result is a valuable illumination of our lives.

The real pattern of our lives is no easy thing to see whole, and Sir Charles's convincing presentation of it is the measure of his importance. To say this is not to deny artistic limitations. In fact, nothing tempers my enthusiasm more than the novels' limited stock of old-fashioned techniques. The usual pattern for a chapter is description of the natural scene, dialogue, concluding comment. Not frequently, but too often, the description or comment seems merely appended to the dialogue. Clearly more variety is in order.

The design of the series possesses a similar importance and a similar flaw. In the author's terms (well explained by Cooper), six of the eight novels deal with Eliot's "observed experience," two with "direct experience" — corresponding roughly to his distinction made elsewhere[2] between the hopeful "social condition" and the tragic "personal condition" of man in a scientific, post-Christian, neo-humanist world. Curiously enough in this post-Romantic day, the observed, social novels have turned out to be very interesting, while the direct, individual novels make heavy weather. More paradoxical still, the flawed personal novels tell most about the themes of the whole series.

One theme they propound is skillfully supported by the separated yet integrated nature of the series: that Ibsenian "ghosts" of one's past haunt the present until strengthened will and matured acceptance of one's self and one's fellows exorcises them. A closely related theme holds that one earns love and averts personal tragedy only by yielding one's inmost nature to another person. This second theme is brilliantly adjusted in the social novels, since social worth and dignity involve a complex and shifting compromise between yielding the reserves of one's being and maintaining the social forms that guard the personalities of others. Some characters err with too much self-exposure and end in tragedy; others err with too little and become sterile. The sane balance is difficult to achieve, and no small part of the interest of the novels lies in Eliot's increasing ability to discern in himself and in others the precarious tipping of the scales, and yet to accept while evaluating unblinkingly.

The best novels vary considerably in emphasis. *Strangers and Brothers* (1940) possesses an evenness of provincial atmosphere reminiscent of Bennett but — in the over-self-exposed provincial sage, George Passant — with a vitality like that of D. H. Lawrence. *The Masters* (1951, now available in an Anchor Book) shows Eliot learning what adult social responsibility and behavior are like; in spite of the inchoate personality of the leading candidate for the master's position, it gives one of the best pictures I know of academic society. *The Conscience of the Rich* (1958), which I regard as the finest of the series, has at times a Dickensian vitality in a Jamesian social world.

The latest novel, *The Affair*, is, I think, the second best.[3] In it Sir Charles re-treats the legal and academic cruces of several earlier novels. I doubt that the motif can now be improved upon. It turns upon efforts to reinstate a most unpleasant Cambridge Fellow charged with scientific fraud. *The Affair* excels *The Masters* because its issues are better defined and because it endeavors, like *The Conscience of the Rich* though less successfully, to integrate the personal and social lives of its characters.

WITH a social conscience so strongly developed and with a personal background in science, Sir Charles has not been content to rest upon his literary achievement. Last year he caused a great stir in England with his Rede Lecture at Cambridge — *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution.* The two cultures are those familiarly out of touch: the scientific and humanistic. They must be united if our civilization is to survive. The issues are important and well handled; yet I share the feelings of a large minority in finding the result somewhat depressing. Snow's distinctions between the two

[1] William Cooper, *C. P. Snow.* Longmans Green and Co. for the British Council. 40 pp. 2/6.

[2] C. P. Snow, *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution.* Cambridge University Press, 1959. 52 pp. $1.75.

[3] Scribners, 1960. 374 pp. $4.50.

*EARL MINER teaches English at the University of California, Los Angeles, where he is an editor of the California edition of Dryden.*



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cultures seem too pat and basically undescriptive of America and my own experience. What annoys me most is the lecture's fundamental anti-intellectualism in either the literary or scientific sense. There is a disturbing Wellsian worship of technology which diminishes his case and the issues involved: the apathy dividing the two cultures comes, not from defect of intellect, but from the weakness of a pampered, affluent society; and if Sir Charles thinks technologists the salt of the earth, he finds in them a savor no one else discerns. None the less, we must take the charge to action seriously, not shirking home truths simply because they are obvious.

It is a tribute to C. P. Snow the writer that one of his novels, and that not his best — *The New Men* (1954) — gives a more convincing and satisfying treatment of the problems of integrating our civilization. The novel anticipates the lecture down to details and phrasing, even while creating characters (atomic scientists) who live as individuals with social lives very much in the shadow of the nuclear holocaust. It is just this — individuals with social lives, people facing important, real problems — that makes his novels so important. Questions about his "place" in the fiction of our time can wait. It is enough to say that he has harmonized — sometimes imperfectly, sometimes brilliantly, always interestingly — an almost forgotten Augustan concern with the social life of man and the familiar post-Romantic concern with realizing individuality. The future will decide how to weigh the rather old-fashioned technique in balance with the new and convincing realism. But we must read him now, if only to learn about the "deeds and language" which we had not known to be the real substance of our lives.

# The Paradoxes of Nehru

*NEHRU: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY*. By Michael Brecher. Oxford University Press. 682 pp. $8.50.

***Theodore M. Greene***

INDIA has always been a land of contrasts—sensuous and spiritual, filthy and obsessed with cleanliness, lavish and austere, tolerant and cruel, weak and strong, ignorant and wise. And Nehru is a microcosmic symbol of this paradox. He is sensitive and impatient, yet capable of dispassionate objectivity; warm and affectionate, yet aloof; arrogant, yet genuinely humble; melancholy, witty and gay; at times irresolute but more often inflexible; an iconoclast, yet in his own way devout; a sincere liberal who is often autocratic. These contrasts are what give Nehru his stature as a human being, with the mind of a practical scientist, the temperament of an artist, and the heart and will of an impassioned social reformer. He is today—now in his seventies, but still at his prime—the most complex and, it may well be, the greatest of living statesmen.

Dr. Brecher portrays the complexities of Nehru fairly and with abundant supporting evidence. His high regard for his subject does not blind him to Nehru's limitations and mistakes. He describes his Hamlet-like irresolution and his tendency to compromise on more than one occasion during India's struggle for freedom, as well as his unswerving loyalty to Gandhi and to his own ideal of a welfare state conceived along Socialist lines. He gives us a forthright account of Nehru's policy with respect to Kashmir—a policy sharply at variance with the policy, which he endorsed, toward Hyderabad and the other princely states. He notes Nehru's failure, despite his authentic liberalism, to encourage open criticism in the Congress Party and, despite his own patent incorruptibility and idealism, to curb the growing corruption and cynicism in the party. These ineptitudes and failures set in sharp relief, by contrast, Nehru's brilliant achievements, his loyalties and his vision. Dr. Brecher's monumental effort is notably successful.

THE book opens with a brief but adequate report on Nehru's youth as the son of a wealthy Kashmiri Brahmin, his education in India and at Harrow and Cambridge, and his marriage, which was to bring him both joy and heartache, at the age of twenty-six. Then, in more leisurely fashion, we are told about his first encounter with Gandhi, his quick conversion to the objectives of his saintly master, and his unswerving loyalty to him despite profound disagreement on many vital issues. The long friendship between Nehru and Gandhi was certainly a major human achievement, for Gandhi was in his way quite as much a paradox as Nehru is in his. Gandhi was a dedicated man of God and also a shrewd politician; a devout Hindu who alienated Hindu orthodoxy and ended his life as a martyr for the cause of religious tolerance; a reactionary in his simple-minded faith in village autonomy, yet the chief architect of India's new political and social freedoms. Gandhi early detected Nehru's capacity

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## The Event Itself

A peculiar reticence afflicts my generation, faced with the holocaust;
We speak seldom of the event itself, only of what shall be lost;
We, betrayers of the fathers and all the still grandfathers, may not
cry out for ourselves, the present and tempest-tossed.

But many things and all manner of things will be hurled
In a force like dawnlights breaking, and the billion bagpipes of our
screams will be skirled
Stupendously, month after month, the greatest pain ever known in the
world.

And there will be some instantly indistinguishable from the molten stone;
But most will have bleeding, burning, gangrene, the sticking-out bone;
Men, women, and little children will be pregnant of the nipping crab
whose seed everywhere will be sown.

And in the screaming and wallowing one thought will make each eye stare,
A thought of the silence pressing down at the edge of the air,
Soon to smother the last scream forever and everywhere.

And the last man in the world, dying, will not know that he is the last,
But many will think it, dying; will think that in all the vast
And vacant universe they are the final consciousness, going out, going out,
going out, with nothing to know it has passed.

HAYDEN CARRUTH



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for leadership, encouraged him, comforted him, rebuked him and trusted him. Nehru responded with the dedication of a convert, turning to Gandhi again and again for counsel and support; struggling, often unsuccessfully, to understand many of Gandhi's strange decisions; fighting stubbornly, and in open opposition to his master, for his own economic and political convictions—that is, for large-scale industry and extensive Socialist initiatives and controls. Seldom has a friendship been put to such severe tests and emerged so triumphantly.

The body of the book is devoted to a full account of India's long struggle for freedom and Nehru's increasingly prominent role in that struggle. It records the uneven growth and the many vicissitudes of the Congress Party and the agreements and disagreements of its chief leaders—of men as different in temperament and outlook as C. Rajagopalacharia, the first (and last) Governor-General of the Dominion of India and today the leader of the newly organized Swatantra Party; Rajandra Prasad, the first and present President of the Union of India; Maulana Azad, the greatly respected dean of the Congress Muslims and one of Nehru's closest advisers; Vallabhbhai Patel, one of the heroes of the Indian revolution and the man chiefly responsible for the peaceful integration of the princely states; Subhas Bose, "the proud, ambitious, fiery hero of Bengal," who for a while was Nehru's "most serious rival for Indian political leadership"; and Jinnah, the head of the Moslem League who, more than any other single individual, was responsible for the tragedy of partition. It was these men and many others of comparable and lesser stature who, with Gandhi and Nehru, formulated the evolving policies of the Congress Party, defined its objectives with increasing clarity, struggled first to cooperate with, and then, in desperation, to resist a largely uncooperative and repressive British government, and finally achieved India's independence in 1947.

DR. BRECHER'S assessment of the British throughout this period is eminently fair. He does not hesitate to record their repeated blunders and their occasional cruelties—notably the massacre in Amritsar in 1919 and the government's inexcusable defense of General Dyer—but neither does he fail to pay tribute to the imaginative statesmanship of such men as Lord Irwin, the Viceroy from 1926-1931, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Lord Mountbatten, India's last Viceroy. Nothing is more to the credit of the British in India than the manner in which they finally abdicated their political control.

No one, save possibly Gandhi himself, anticipated the dreadful price that India and Pakistan were destined to pay for partition. The period immediately following Independence was one of anguish and triumph. Dr. Brecher reports that more than half a million people were slaughtered in the bloody Hindu-Muslim riots; some six million Hindu and Sikh refugees fled from Pakistan and sought asylum in India, while a comparable number of Muslims migrated to Pakistan. The new Indian government, led by men who had never held posts of top governmental responsibility, had to deal with this major crisis and simultaneously provide for the drafting and the acceptance of a democratic constitution and, within four years, a general election in a land where 85 per cent of the people were illiterate—an election in which 60 per cent of the potential voters cast their ballots. These impressive achievements would have been impossible without the brilliant leadership of the "duumvirate," that is Nehru and Patel who, after Gandhi's assassination in 1947, ruled India during the critical transition period. These two men differed as sharply in temperament and outlook as had Nehru and Gandhi, but they somehow managed to work together until Patel's death in 1950.

The concluding chapters describe Indian democracy at work during the last decade under Nehru's solitary control—her rapid if uneven progress toward Nehru's ideal of a welfare state, her largely successful efforts to strengthen her agriculture during the First Five Year Plan and her heavy industry during the current Second Five Year Plan (the Third is right now at the blueprint stage), her resolute fight against illiteracy, the progressive encroachments on the "private sector" by government controls and the alarming spread of bureaucracy, the continued absence of a strong and loyal opposition party and, not least important, India's foreign policy of nonalignment. The book ends with an excellent analysis of India's place in the world today and a memorable recapitulatory portrait of Nehru.

I know of no book on India as illuminating or authoritative for the Western reader. It is excellently written, fully documented and well indexed and illustrated. Americans who are inclined to be critical of Nehru's foreign policy should read Dr. Brecher's persuasive explanation of the underlying rationale of this policy and his own incisive criticism, with which I sympathize, of our policy toward India and Pakistan in recent years. Equally revealing is the author's judicious interpretation of Nehru's "leftism"—a stance compounded of an early attraction to Communist idealism, a mounting hatred of actual Communist brutalities, and a dominant concern to keep India autonomous and at peace with her difficult neighbors to the north. What we are left with is the image of a nation still in travail and transition, of a people facing tremendous problems and obstacles with great energy and courage, and of a leader who may well be judged by the future to have been one of the world's truly great statesmen.

# What Alice Knew

*THE ANNOTATED ALICE* (Lewis Carroll). Martin Gardner, editor. Clarkson N. Potter. 351 pp. $10.

***Joseph Carroll***

THE CHARM of the Alice stories survives because, apart from the fact that they are beautifully told, they say something important about the human condition; something funny and sad, alarming and reassuring, and as true for wise old men as for naive young children. It is, roughly, that not all the answers are to be found in the back of the book and that even the ones that are there have nothing like the finality we incline to give them. The absolutes of religion and politics, even of science (which in Lewis Carroll's century was claiming, in some quarters, a larger absolute than all the others, the annihilation of all uncertainty) dissolve, reform and dissolve again, like the Cheshire Cat fading to a grin, smug in the knowledge that its teeth and claws will come back along with its whiskers and its fur.

These are solemn abstractions, of course, but, language aside, they are in the spirit of the Alice stories, which make the ridiculous so plausible by laughing at the holiest symbols accepted as "real" when mankind uses that sweeping word "institutions." For Lewis Carroll understood what very few do understand, except for great poets like Blake and great philosophers like Whitehead, who came to the understanding by different routes: that what is usually called the literal

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mind is really the helpless captive of symbols. We think we know what we mean by a figure of speech, but we are not always aware that all speech is figure. We cannot speak at all except in a manner of speaking. Emerson said language is fossilized poetry, that the most commonplace word was once a tremendous act of creation. The sour truth is that we cherish the fossil and dislike it when the poetry leaps into life. In a sense starker than the scriptural one, and that is stark enough, the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. But it is never the poets who, having pushed language to its limits, know that it *has* limits — it is never they who most influence societies, though sentimentalists like to think so; it is always the little-minded but energetic, who are superstitious about words because they recognize no limits, least of all their own.

> "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."
>
> "The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."
>
> "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master — that's all."

And that's enough to be alarming when we consider how often something of the sort has been said, not in a children's fantasy, but by the heads of governments or of businesses or newspaper chains; how often they are implied by those who control advertising and political propaganda and employ expensive copywriters and ghosts: " 'When I make a word do a lot of work like that,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'I always pay it extra.' "

IT IS to Mr. Gardner's credit that some of his notes suggest digressions like this one: what else should notes to a classic do, being themselves digressions from a text? Here and there in *The Annotated Alice* one catches the excitement that can go with bits of history on a writer and his work: what of his personal life shows through his fiction, what side he was on in political controversies, what grudges he worked off in satire, what secret tribute he paid to friends.

But trivial information is scrambled with important as though it does not matter which is which; the notes are as disheveled as the White Queen, without her charm and pathos. The stunt here is annotation, and notes we have whether they are needed or not, some of them about as stimulating as column filler in country newspapers. For instance: "The role of the White Knight was taken by Gary Cooper in Paramount's 1933 film, *Alice in Wonderland*." No point is made of it and one is left to suppose that Mr. Gardner has been brooding over the indignity for years, as well he might, since it was an execrable film.

One note reads: "Frumenty is a wheat pudding." Well, now: people who can afford ten-dollar books must have dictionaries — ones, moreover, with a better sense of the proprieties of definition than this: "A deal box is a box made of deal (fir or pine wood)."

There are a lot like that, thrown in for no good reason, though they might have been used as departure points for imaginative comment. The most rewarding annotation ever made, probably, was by Walter de la Mare in his delightful poetry anthology, *Come Hither!* He would have given several recipes for frumenty, some jingles about it or oddments of kitchen lore. De la Mare's notes usually enlarge or intensify the experience of whatever text they accompany; they never presume to explain, especially when the explanation is obvious. He was too courteous an editor to write notes like this one of Mr. Gardner's: " 'A cat may look at a king' is a familiar English proverb meaning that there are things an inferior may do in the presence of a superior." I bet you never knew that.

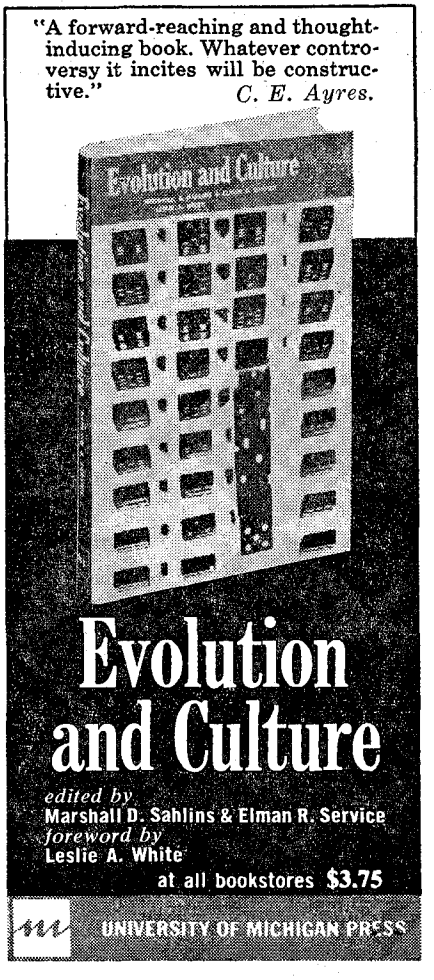
Some of the notes intended to interpret are about as banal. In the Tweedledum and Tweedledee passage of *Through the Looking Glass*, Alice is trying to find some excuse for the rascality of the Walrus and the Carpenter in luring the oysters to their death as a shore dinner. The text is pellucid:

> "I like the Carpenter best — if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus."
>
> "But he ate as many as he could get," said Tweedledum.
>
> This was a puzzler.

Not to Mr. Gardner, though: "Alice is puzzled because she faces here the traditional ethical dilemma of having to choose between judging a person in terms of his acts or in terms of his intentions." That is term-paper English for term-paper thought. He might have had some fun with it as, in all justice, he has fun elsewhere, when genuine enthusiasms of his own are involved. The notes on the chess moves caricatured in *Through the Looking Glass* are often entertaining because Mr. Gardner quite enjoys chess and he communicates his own enjoyment. If he had done all the notes that way, the annotated edition would have been splendidly justified. He is, as Lewis Carroll was, fond of mathematical games and puzzles, and the comment on the diversions to be found in the Alice stories for people with that turn of mind is often engaging, backed up with quotation from such distinguished Alice-zealots as Bertrand Russell and Arthur Stanley Eddington.

But the ethical-dilemma stuff is pure literary swank, the bogus that gets by as scholarship with people who think scholarship ought to be dull and who are impressed by the very claptrap the Alice stories make fun of.

I CAN remember that, as a child, I loved Alice because she was inclined to suspect that authority of any kind was rather foolish and given to tantrums, like the Queen of Hearts, and to bossy manners, like the Red Queen; but that one put up with authority, to a point, because one had to for the sake of peace and because life was interesting, however puzzling. I love her still, for somewhat the same reason. It can be sophisticated by calling it a philosophy of the absurd, as Albert Camus did, a brave man who enjoyed his adventurous life though he saw no cause to serve that was free of wickedness and folly. It can be both stoic and mystic as it was for Boris Pasternak, another brave man who refused to believe that all reality could be strait-jacketed into a system,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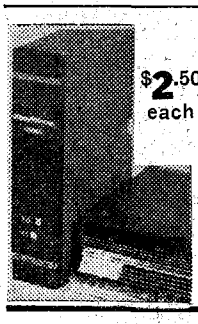
whatever claims to infallibility the system might make.

We live with the puzzles for the pleasure we find in them, as Alice did. The trouble comes mostly from those who hate puzzles and want to impose impossible answers. Like the Queen of Hearts, they yell "Off with their heads!" at anyone who suggests that the answers are not all found in a nation or a creed or a political economy. Like that testy dogmatist, the Red Queen, they hold that "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it." It's some comfort to know, as Alice knew, that the Queen of Hearts is mere cardboard and that, if she's shaken hard enough, the Red Queen turns into a kitten.

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# TELEVISION

## *Norman Thomas di Giovanni*

LIKE blackboard letters, big and bold and for the instruction of millions of viewers across the nation, came NBC's recent two-part television production, *The Sacco-Vanzetti Story*. It was a strong teaching job. Reginald Rose's script made its points in the fashion of any good textbook — by emphasis, by exaggeration and by deliberate bias. In every corner of America, conveniently acted out for them, people saw exactly how two anarchists were executed for the crimes of being Italian and radical. By now it is no doubt common knowledge that Sacco and Vanzetti were the victims mainly of a stupid, unqualified judge (so called by Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Musmanno in a hearing last year) and a crude, purse-proud governor (as referred to by United States Supreme Court Justice Frankfurter in his new book).

But in Boston, where after a third of a century the case of Sacco and Vanzetti still receives front-page coverage, critics of the TV drama behaved alternately like shocked innocents and frightened patriots. They cried out that Bay Staters (meaning Massachusetts officialdom) had been savagely attacked, and that both the administration of Massachusetts justice and the American judicial system had been held up to ridicule. They even suggested that with so many anti-American riots around the world the NBC program played into the hands of the Communists. They were most upset, however, by Reginald Rose's point of view; indeed, by the fact that he had a point of view. Trying to offset that legitimate bias — which rested on solid research and authority — the Boston press poured out another kind of bias based on hysteria, ignorance and astonishing illiteracy.

THREE MONTHS before the production was viewed and several weeks before the script was in its final form, the TV columnist of the Boston *Herald* began denouncing the drama as distorted. "It will be based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case," he wrote, "but in name only. Facts will be thrown to the winds if early reports are true." Facts. The columnist suggested that Rose "take a peek at the files of the Boston *Herald*, which gave a factual report right down the line." But it is the columnist who needs the peek. There in his own paper, in an editorial of October 26, 1926, are answered at least half the charges he made against the NBC program. That editorial, which won the *Herald* a 1927 Pulitzer Prize, stated in part that "as months have merged into years and the great debate over this case has continued, our doubts have solidified into convictions, and reluctantly we have found ourselves compelled to reverse our original judgment. We hope the supreme judicial court will grant a new trial on the basis of the new evidence not yet examined in open court."

In 1960 no such courage prevails. Fearing what he might see, the Chairman of the Braintree Board of Selectmen flatly refused to tune his set to the program; and, fearing what he had seen, a state representative filed resolutions in the Massachusetts House criticizing the play.

And yet the Boston critics withheld no praise of the magnificence of performance and power of what they saw. Struggling with their prejudices, the reviewers kept switching sentiment in the middle of their articles, and one suspects that, along with ordinary viewers, they were left moved, even tearful.

It is unfortunate that technical justice moves so slowly and that Sacco and Vanzetti have not yet been officially exonerated; we might thus be spared more of the legal-judicial treadmill and the endless haranguing. By now, with the wealth of material written on the case, only fools and those who won't or can't read can still believe that Sacco and Vanzetti received a fair trial and were guilty of robbery and murder. But if only we could be finished forever with airing all these proofs of guilt or innocence, with displaying our native American naïveté about corrupt officials, and get down to Sacco and Vanzetti themselves! If only the mad gap did not exist between the justice already granted them by scholars and the justice not yet granted them by politicians, Reginald Rose's drama could really have thrown facts to the winds and we would have been treated instead to the better substance of Sacco's and Vanzetti's true characters.

Character! Why else, having invented no automobile, having flown no airplane, with no home runs to their credit, with only unpopular ideas and an adherence

*NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI has contributed several articles, as well as translations of Italian and Spanish poetry, to* The Nation.



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to the ideal of anarchism, do the two Italians still live? Because they died bravely for what they believed. Today, when spying is condoned as national policy and the sellout is built into the college education, Vanzetti's words "Now we are not a failure" seem more striking truth than when he spoke them. Sacco and Vanzetti are two of the few really successful men of the century. It's a success new generations would do well to contemplate.

More, much more, is coming. Rose's drama is appearing on two LP records; from Italy a film is announced; from off-Broadway a musical drama; and two or three more books are in the works. Best of all should be Ben Shahn's twenty-five pictures, known as the "Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti," which are being collected into a volume for the first time, and the opera by Marc Blitzstein on which the Metropolitan Opera holds an option. Even apprehensive Boston is calling it a Sacco-Vanzetti revival.

# ART

## *Maurice Grosser*

PARIS in the late spring is flowering with its seasonal exhibitions. The *Salon de Mai*—stylistically the most advanced of the large group shows—is now closed, while the *Salon des Artistes Français*—stylistically the most retrograde—has now opened to display at the *Grand Palais* its miles of unexciting canvases. At the *Musée des Arts Decoratifs,* on the rue de Rivoli side of the Louvre, you can see an impressive array of Louis XIV furniture for five New Francs (entrance prices this year are high). And for another five NF the Louvre itself offers the first comprehensive exhibition of Nicholas Poussin ever to be shown—120 of his some 180 known paintings, and 120 drawings. At the *Petit Palais* is a monster exhibit of art from India—more than a thousand pieces of sculpture and painting ranging over thirty centuries — which the French seem to find laudable but a bit dull. Russian officialdom has staged a show of approved work at the *Musée de l'Arte Moderne.* At the *Galerie Charpentier,* Dunoyer de Segonzac, French painter of the prewar School of Paris, is being given, with a too complete retrospective of his fifty years of work, an honorable interment. All this, along with less official shows in private galleries, provides art enough for the most voracious visitor. I found the Poussins and the Russians most provocative.

The Poussin show is enormous—three huge galleries hung with pictures from everywhere—Russia, Spain, even from Australia. The effect is sumptuous. The pictures are rich and somber, as ornate as the Louis XIV style itself of which, in fact, they form a part. One is nevertheless struck by the variations in quality the work displays. On one hand is the wonderful *Inspiration du Poète* belonging to the Louvre, which is as fine as Titian or Veronese, and all the other numerous magnificent examples such as those from the Prado and the Hermitage. On the other hand, there are pictures such as the *Apollon Amoureux de Daphné,* also the Louvre's, which seem quite badly painted. The Apollo, Poussin's last work, has most probably been helped to completion by other hands, but the large oval from Copenhagen of *Moses and the Burning Bush* is hard to connect in any way with Poussin. In this anemic work, the flames resemble a modish arrangement of pale blond hair, while one of the two angels supporting the Lord exhibits, somewhat uncanonically, two left feet. But even the undoubtedly authentic works have surprising ups and downs.

THIS IS so in part, I imagine, because in the seventeenth century, French painting scarcely yet existed as a school. Poussin was busy inventing it—remodeling the Italian style for home consumption—and was never as much at ease in it as were the Italians themselves. Probably, also, his somewhat provincial public forced him to be more scrupulous and explicit than he would have been for more experienced clients. Hence the painfully exact delineation of features some of these pictures display. Witness for example the *Aenée chez Didon* from the museum at Toledo, Ohio, where all seven faces, including Dido's own reflection in a mirror, are painstakingly and unnecessarily outlined, as if to satisfy the exigence of some provincial buyer. On the other hand, in other works like the Louvre's touching picture of young Adonis dead, the unimportant details of the background figures could not be more skillfully thrown away.

Poussin's way of painting was a somewhat more rigid form of the seventeenth-century Italian technique. As all his drawings prove, he first envisioned his elaborate compositions, with their garlands of figures, as sculpture groups. The pictures were probably first painted, complete in all detail, but only in tones of gray. When this was dry, the carnation of the flesh was put on, and the cold shadows were enlivened with tones of orange and brown. The local colors of the sky, leaves and costumes were painted in on top of the gray foundation. And the whole was then brushed over with what was termed a "soup"—a transparent glaze of amber pigment thinned in varnish. This amber glaze warmed the cold flesh tones and gave unity to the picture by pulling all the local colors into a single key. One notices how harmoniously cool and dark are the flesh tones in those pictures which—like those of the Louvre or Prado—have not suffered undue restoration. In certain of the others, however,


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the final glazes have apparently been lost in excessive cleaning, for the bodies have a glassy emphasis, and the blue of the sky and draperies a vitreous brilliance, which were certainly not in the original intention.

I find it easier to esteem than love these complex arabesques of figures in pagan and Biblical settings. Admirable as they are in skill of hand and composition, their somewhat official coldness seems to announce the even more frigid historical set-pieces of David and Ingres. On the other hand, those paintings which are really landscapes, but drawn into the noble style by the arbitrary imposition of some small classical reference, excite all my admiration. There is one from Dulwich College: I have forgotten the classical subject and remember only a tranquil, shaded road near Rome. In such as these Poussin invented the very type itself of serene landscape which all subsequent French painting has so beautifully exploited.

THE Russian and Soviet painting show is of quite another order. Let me begin by saying that among the 164 works exhibited, there are two quite good pictures. One is a small nineteenth-century oil by Alexis Venetsianov, charming in drawing and color—a pleasantly realistic representation of a peasant asleep on the ground in a flat farm country. The other is a pale and delicate landscape of birches and thawing river in early spring, done in 1945 by Serge Guerassimov. Along with these there are some undistinguished eighteenth- and nineteenth-century pictures. The rest of the show seems to be made up of all the most showy and shoddy work that could be found in a French salon of the epoch of 1909.

Here indeed is painting addressed to a provincial public. Each picture tells a story. Most are garish in color; all are insistently labored and detailed. The more advanced of the painters advertise their modernism by some flashy mannerism of brushwork or drawing. The more imposing depict in brutal chiaroscuro some touching domestic scene or lurid anecdote. There is, for example, Yablonskaia's *Le Matin,* a large brash picture of a young girl just out of bed and beginning her ballet exercises; and Ioganson's huge picture of a former rich mine-owner and his former poor employees glaring at one another with contempt and hatred; and The Koukryniksy's larger and even more theatrical *"Kaput,"* showing the end of Hitler and his staff in the cellars of the Reich. (The Koukryniksy is the trade name for three different painters who work and sign together as a firm, doubtless to demonstrate that painting need not be an individualistic art.) Tasteless, vulgar and commercial, these works have little in common with any serious tradition of painting. In kind and quality they resemble rather the illustrations to popular novels of before the First World War. But even in technical dexterity and the skill of story telling, none of them is nearly as good as Norman Rockwell.

LET us hope that the selections were badly made. Certainly, the pre-Soviet pictures seem to have been chosen with little acumen. Somewhere in Russia there must be better painting. One must remember that this is an official selection, made on doctrinal and extra-professional principles, of the same order as that which last year moved us to send an exhibit of Abstract Expressionists to represent all of our own country's painting at the Brussels Fair.

I am nevertheless extremely glad I went. The *Musée de l'Art Moderne* contains in permanent display the finest and most complete array of School of Paris pictures it is possible to see—Bonnard, Vuillard, Marquet, Picasso and all the rest, along with unexpectedly fine paintings by less-known names, as well as a delightful room of the contemporary primitives; all this without any of that educational insistence and Germanizing tendency, which give our own New York Museum of Modern Art its somewhat oppressive tone. If one is in Paris, it should not be missed.



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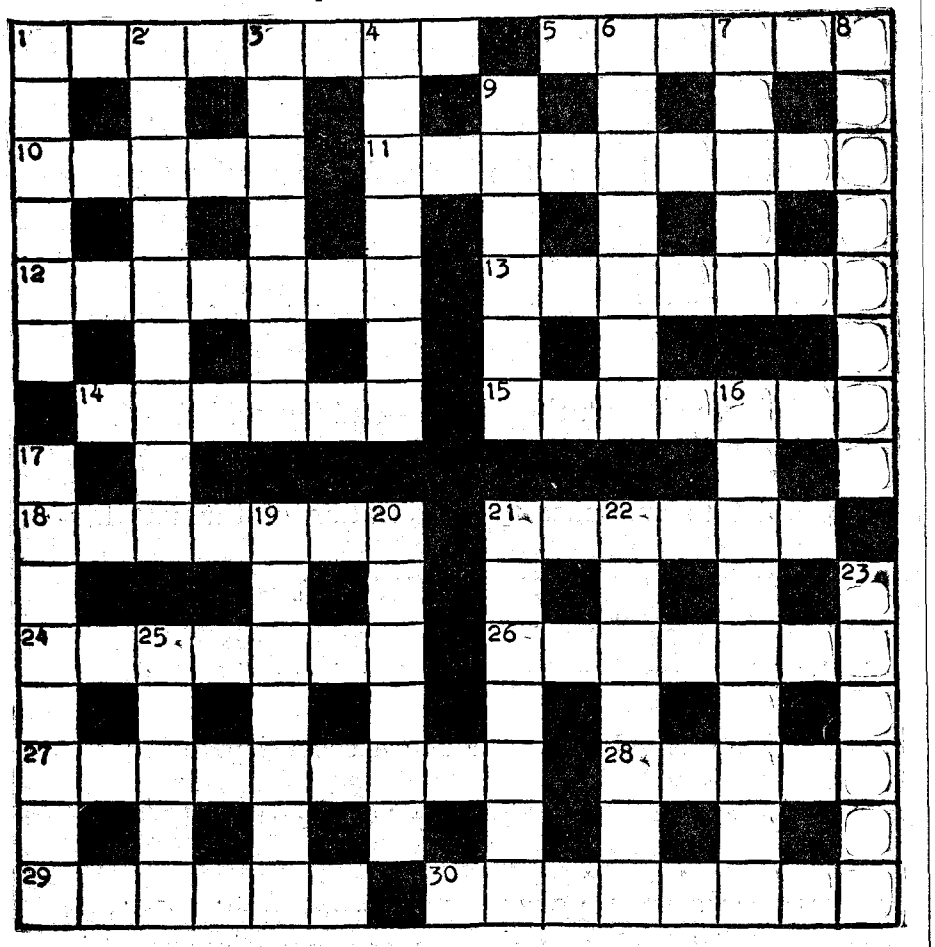
# Crossword Puzzle No. 873

By FRANK W. LEWIS



**ACROSS:**

1 What the pig did implies non-payment for support. (8)
5 and 4 Formed by 28 and 26, 21 across and 9. (6,7)
10 The way to proverbially treat a bit of a title-holder. (5)
11 What could make one safe at home, if a foggy mist is about? (What an awful act!) (9)
12 Directional attribute is more than backward in the main. (7)
13 A little mouse which 19? (7)
14 It's established value to look for a Zoroastrian! (6)
15 The unstable valence might be surrounded by something foreign. (7)
18 How the mistrusting look. (7)
21 Politically ursine, but upright? (6)
24 The way equestriennes might appear to live in the equivalent. (7)
26 See 28.
27 Call one way or another quite a distance, with the shaky end referring to the sermon. (9)
28 and 26 A bitter grain from the islands. (5,7)
29 Miller's stream is about free of scorn. (6)
30 Installs hard tops? (8)

**DOWN:**

1 Bad lamps might be. (6)
2 Look to a brief answer and listen for one who takes a good deal of interest in his work. (4,5)
3 Burden. (7)
4 See 5
6 However, the twinkling little star is not in this shape! (7)
7 Small vessel of the "Philadelphia" light cruiser class. (5)
8 Desire to be inferior to them, according to O'Neill. (3,5)
9 Nation writer? (6)
16 They gave us Mickey! (You may prefer another spell!) (9)
17 His mixup gets celebrated around those strictly from Hunger! (8)
19 What some sucker did makes it look as though the pen leaked red ink! (7)
20 This has real existence. (6)
21 What some do with alcohol to the figure implies no turning back. (7)
22 Might be a shocking end for the buzzer. (7)
23 Makes a 20 out of more than one!
25 He wrote a little longer than a 5. (5)

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 872**

ACROSS: 1 Charmed; 5 Suppler; 9 Averred; 10 Chignon; 11 Ebony; 12 and 17 Curfew; 13 Trace; 14 Steeped; 16 Differs; 18 Satanic; 21 and 27 across Tower of Babel; 28 Painful; 29 Erudite; 31 Sprites. DOWN: 2 Anemone; 3 and 30 Merry England; 4 Deduced; 5 Secured; 7 Lineage; 8 Ringers; 15 and 26 Punjab; 18 and 1 down Steeplechasers; 19 and 6 Turning point; 20 Cajoled; 21 Tablets; 22 Rebuilt; 23 and 24 Fuller's earth; 25 Hoffa; 27 Bluer.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